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THE MONIAD
A SATIRE

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THE MONIAD.

A Satire.

BY "TRUTH."

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PART FIRST.

The proposition—A glance along the street—The voluptuous dreams of Crœssus—The poetic cobbler—The miser's anguish—The student's labor—Hope—Lorenzo de Medici—Failure—Indolence—The millionaire and the penniless—Why the Poem was writ—A fair maid—The home—The stroll and discovery of gold—Arrival of the King—The maid's dream and the King's passion on beholding it—His declaration—The conception—The birth of Mammon—His rise and greatness—The love of the people—King over Wealth—A mountain—Building of the palace—Description—Idolatry.

MONEY I sing. Behold the gaping crowd
Which gathers when I breathe the word aloud.
Attentive stand, the ripe, plethoric dame,
The satined maiden with the spotless name,
The lordly merchant all his mind at ease,
The lawyer pursey with his swelling fees,
The poet with the hesitating walk,
The parson with his ministerial talk,
The banker, who, the populace to please,
Now rashly flutters bank notes in the breeze.

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For these are days we know it to our cost
That dollars gold, have given up the ghost.

The crowd increases. There a figure bends
Who, at usurious interest, money lends,
A furious word or caustic sting he hears,
Turns half bewildered with his rising fears,
And rushing madly from the accusing spot
He mutters something like unto God-Wot.
A miser creeping grudgingly along,
A moment pauses, listening the song,
Nor seems a pleasant fancy to imbibe,
He sudden leaves, and joins one of his tribe.
A gilded carriage hastily attends,
The liveried coachman servilely descends,
A moment hears the solemn words I say,
Informs his master and they dash away.
So many come, but many yet remain,
Whose Penury is all the others gain.
And they the poor still linger round the spot,
To hear a word perchance, to bless their lot.
Oh! that the power were in one little pen,
How would it change the laws and state of men,
Some as they are, some higher place assume,
But many should take on another's doom.

What are the dreams of Crœsus, when the charms
Of rich lipped syrens, nestle in his arms?
What visions tempt his gaze at every turn,
What changing passions all his bosom burn
When loose-robed Love, seduces with delight,
Or coy repents, and slyly pleads for flight.
The rich juice, bursting from the mellow fruit
Is not more luscious than her amorous suit,
When aye she flames for those forbidden acts
That whirl her brain, and all her powers tax.
In times like these, his every move we scan,
We find with all his wealth, he is but man;
His powers wane, and all his joys will end,
No matter what endurance he pretend.
Like some hurt sword, oft broken in the bout,
Whose mere repairing surely wears it out.
So he the sad sign of the past now shows
And on his wrinkles paints a withered rose.

A youth, the victim of a cobbler's bench,
Whose nose revolts at each foul leathery stench;
Whose tender hands, and pale white arms are taught,
To wax and stitch in hours dearly bought.

Who many a time has tappod an hostler's shoe
Rich with the odors of the stable dew;
Who pegs away, and silent, murmurs not,
Still dreams that love, and fame, shall be his lot.
Perchance one day his longing eyes shall see
The muses waiting for his mind's decree;
Perhaps the Nine, by sacred duty led,
Will place the laurel on his yielding head.
The candle maker drew the lightning down,
Ajaccio's student reached to high renown,
The pigmy vessel braves the raging main,
Why not the cobbler breathe Poetic strain.

How fares the monster of the greedy eye,
Who every cent penuriously puts by?
Who walls his hovel round with solid chests,
The only stock in which he e'er invests.
How starts he up in absolute affright,
If, but the winds do whistle in the night.
Around his cell, he casts his glazing eyes
To see some villian from his coffers rise;
As with an ague all his muscles twitch,
How feels he then the pangs of being rich.
A murderer reigns high monarch of the place,
While shudders stamp their wrinkles on his face.

And so the night creeps on in agony,
While everything of terror gallops by,
Until in seams, far deeper than my verse,
With ink more black, is writ the miser's curse.

The student grappling with the laws of Coke,
Oft on his knees, will other's aid invoke.
O'er Purdon's notes he dreams of golden hoards
Until he wakes to view his white washed boards;
Will o'er tobacco, oft persistent lurk,
And still forget, the way to wealth, is work.
The histories of all the monied great,
Of men who glittered in a jeweled state,
Of kings whose chambers, brilliant gems outshone,
Of subjects hilts, which paled a monarch's crown;
That none need e'er be poor, these all attest,
With tact and prudence, Work will do the rest.

Hope, like an eagle springing from the plain,
Soars far beyond the clouds within the brain.
Oh! what were life, if stubborn Fact alone
Threw its hard shadow o'er each torpid zone?
No bright ambitions then our souls would fill;
No fond desires that fonder hopes instil;
No imagery of the star eyed queen,
Who on love's landscape freshens every scene,

Would ever thrill us with a joy intense,
Our only pleasure then, were common sense.

Just as the floods of Erie's quiet sea,
Chafed into fury by the narrowing lea,
Is, by the hand of the Almighty hurled,
Into Ontario's grandly seething world,
So, when the torrent of a mighty wealth,
Drives men to hazard honor, brains and health,
The coming wrath of God, each votary sees,
One it makes mad, one yields to foul disease;
So Steele decayed, so Greene was stricken down,
Their brains too weak to bear a jeweled crown.

Who reads of great Lorenzo's gilded halls;
Of Titians that adorned his peerless walls;
Of priceless statutes, that by his command,
Were almost touched to life by genius hand;
Of landscapes terraced by a master mind,
Whose beauties shone resplendently refined;
Of praises the Venitian people shed
With fluent lips upon his worthy head.
Who reads of these but feels his temples beat,
And longs the glowing story to repeat.

How would we strive, how many ills endure,
One hour like his to hero-like secure.
Hope bids men rise, but nature dooms their fall,
For one such man's, a stimulant for all.

How some unfortunate, his woes bewail
When all his life-long aspirations fail.
What torments will engulf, his mind's deep black,
When on his efforts Fortune turns her back;
What madness choke the utterance when he feels
That to the fickle goddess still he kneels;
How swells his bosom, as with hot disgrace,
If but a rival heads him in the race.
He sees that still he scrambles in the mire,
His future rankling with disaster dire.
What would he not attempt, what would not do
To be both rich and great, have honors, genius, too.

Thou, Indolence, shall stigmatise his deeds,
Who on the labor of his mother feeds;
And while her back is breaking with disease,
He lolls upon a sofa at his ease;
And if she fails his appetite to court,
A sister kindly ekes out his support.

Too often this unselfishness is found,
They starve themselves, to fatten but a hound.
Hereafter, let a corps of little girls
With dainty hands arrange his hair in curls,
And on his crown to be admired by all,
Have placed the newest fashioned waterfall.
The whitest powder puff o'er all his face;
Around his neck a lady's collar place;
His form swell out with curious things;—not I
Can tell their names, how hard so'er I try.
In petticoats his lower limbs invest;
Placard him o'er from feet up to his breast;
Then hound him forth, to brave the city's scorn
Nor man nor maid, he was but mongrel born.

The millionaire, who views the rising sun
Can see but coinage through his vision run;
In all the landscape traces of bank-notes
Dance in the winds, and through the ether floats.
The distant mountains to his pursey view,
Are promises to pay, all nearly due.
The voices which he hears among the trees
Are but his dollars clinking in the breeze;
And nickel in the leafy spring he tastes,
He deeply drinks and from the spot he hastes.

But I, an humble workman of the pave
Who oft a crust still urgingly will crave,
Ne'er view the coming orb, save but to see
A glaring ghostly eye of poverty.
I look above, and all my rising fears
But tell me that I see the sky in tears.
No scenes of nature e'er regale my sight,
Plain bricks and mortar and the lamps at night.
The birds will twitter but a sad refrain,
I sigh for freedom, but I sigh in vain.
Like millions more, now groaning for relief,
Who make a noisy mirth their hide for grief,
Well satisfied, if gained, when they implore,
One hour of joy in all the twenty-four.

These things I note. The multitudes pass by
Nor longer hear my words, nor hear the sigh,
That from my bosom's timid echoing strings
Is urged by Penury's imaginings.
Now satisfaction gluts the eye of one
Whose term of life has brilliantly begun;
Full fed on nature's provender, the best,
He loves to live, and living loves with zest,
No pain he suffers, nor the cold e'er feels
And yet no pity his fair face reveals.

My work I offer. God! his eye so gleams
That with an oath his answer murder seems.
Where e'er my steps I solitary turn
Fresh insults meet me till my brain does burn,
The caustic maid darts forth a look of flame
For fear her skirts should touch my shiv'ring frame.
The over-pious upturned eyes I meet,
Ne'er see the squallor reeking at their feet.
For this I barb my angry pen anew,
For this I pierce the seed of money through,
For this, its votaries, pass in brief review.

My soul above the menial trade then rose,
My heart enhardened 'gainst these steel grained foes.
I gazed around with silent wondering,
I fain would cry, and find I can but sing.
So sing I will, let my oppressors pale,
I care not if their grossest deeds unveil.
To winters cold they give my crooked frame,
No purse strings open when they hear my name.
Half clad and hungry I might wander round,
Die in the streets, nor hear a pitying sound.
As if a beast that gnawed the scanty bone,
I, feeling, sense, taste, harmony, have none.

Yes, I can sing. The right and wrong, my theme,
I revel in anticipations dream,
As wrapt in rags, I sit in judgment place,
On those who flaunt their satins in my face.

Ere yet a history of man was writ,
To blazon virtues and to cherish wit,
There lived a maid, whose beauty all did own,
By all beloved, by all her goodness known.
Embowered in the trees, reposed her home
Near by a lake. Her pleasure was to roam
Along its shore, and with the pebbles toy,
And know that everything in life was joy.

Her favorite haunt a vernal cave did seem,
Which never felt the midday sun's hot gleam,
Out of a hillside garbed in many a hue,
'Twas scooped by nature for a virgin true.
Here oft she sat in meditative mood
Filling her soul with earnest gratitude.

One day while roaming happily along
And trilling forth a mild and plaintive song,
As far beyond her usual walk, she strolled,
A sight immortal did her eyes behold.

For, on the lake-shore, washed by silver spray,
Reflecting all the sunlight's golden ray,
A yellow shining dust profusely lay.
Now by its beauty she was straightway caught,
And gathering some, her dear retreat she sought.
Well pleased to argue she has ta'en enough,
She in her bosom placed the glittering stuff.
Anon her brain did all rebellious turn,
And with unusual thoughts began to burn.
Her cave is reached, while she with pleasure teems,
Recumbent lies, and passionately dreams.

The King, enamored of the maids fair name,
When near her grotto chanced the fleeing game,
Resolved to see this paragon of light
And win her as his subject, as his right.
He knew her ways and silently he trod
The flowers among, and o'er the dainty sod,
The entrance reached, he paused e'en as he should;
Then on, until within her cave he stood.
He gazed around and saw the glittering woof,
The changing colors of the chrystal roof,
Which now like diamonds, now like rubies shine,
"Oh Heaven," he muttered, "would all this were mine!"

He saw the maid in full robed beauty lie,
The glowing embers of her trance close by.
Her murmurs reach his much too willing ears,
He thrills at this, and joys at all he hears.
He sees at once, some potent love does press
Upon her brain, and all her soul possess.
He should arouse her and her credit save,
But still he gazes and becomes her slave.

Reclining on a lowly couch of flowers,
Made by herself in former idle hours,
She seemed to yield to that innate delight,
Which lovers seek, when they prolong the Night.
He sees her clasp her hands and trembling sigh,
Then, yearning, reach for something that is by.
Again he hears the fevered lips disclose,
The secret flame that in her bosom glows.
He sees her pangs with satisfaction blend,
And hears a cry, as all her visions end.

The King no longer his good sense retains,
Contagious passion burns in all his veins,
He can no more his mental force command,
He touches her with nervous fevered hand.

She wakes and blushing from his arms would move,
He straight assailed her with his urging love.
Half angry that she can no longer feel,
That all she dreamed had proved but too unreal,
More angry that her passion he had seen,
Conscious she had at least imprudent been.

The King entrusts her with his story straight;
He hears the maid her wondrous deed relate,
While each a vague opinion sudden form,
Debate grows hot and all their bodies warm.
He sees the passion mounting to her charms
And eager leaps into her yielding arms.
Nature cries "hold," their heated souls cry "on,"
Reason gives way, the amorous work is done.
The place grows brighter to her languid eyes,
She sees new wonders, feels new pleasures rise.
She pants with joys unutterable plan,
And all her senses centre on the man.
Quick leaps the subtle fluid to her womb
Which closing did the glowing seed entomb,
And if my legend is to be believed
Certain it is, she thereupon, conceived.

Time passed away. The generative law
Had drawn nine moons into its restless maw.
The pregnant maid, proud of the load she bore,
Awaited calmly the delivering hour.

The King forewarned, attended in his state,
And cursed the plodding time, that made him wait.
Great things he promised, in his anxious joy
If nature favored him with but a boy.

The populace were crowding o'er the lawn,
Waiting the signal of a being's dawn,
And led by interest, along the shore,
Some several start, the lake-side to explore;
They sudden come, upon the dust of gold,
And marvelled much at what they did behold.
"Mammon," cried they, and "Mammon," cried the King.
"A man child 'tis. Let all my kingdom ring
With the great news." The royal trumpets sound
The note of gladness to the people round.

The King in wonder stood, long gazing there
To see the child's luxuriant golden hair,

Which with the blue eyes glowed in unison,
And seemed to show the tints of noonday sun.
The clustering subjects gather round the spot
And wish the noble birthright were their lot.
They tell the story with their brains surmise,
The monarch listens with a glad surprise,
And speaks, "These facts some recognition claim,
That your deserts, my joy, no illness maim,
We'll call him Mammon,—Mammon is his name."

The mother prospered, and the child grew strong,
Increased in sense as years bore him along;
Until in manhood's prime he stood most fair,
A prince of beauty, strength, and talents rare.

Of subtle power were his virtues made,
He ruled the King, the multitude he swayed,
To him lawgivers yielded up the palm,
The timid he made strong, the angry, calm;
He with surprise, did all the limners fill,
They silent gazed and wondered at his skill;
Anon the sculptors hailed him as their own,
And wept delighted with his moving stone;
So deeply versed in alchemetic lore,
'Twas said the dead, he could to life restore;

In all things leader, chieftan in the sport,
Yet still the brightest soldier in the court.
His wit and virtue high examples were,
To test his courage, none there was to dare;
His solid strength, agility combined,
A whole land yielded to his wondrous mind.

The people with their pressing love o'erwrought
For him some testimonial honor sought.
One reasoned, they a chiefship should create,
Whose dignities should top his present state;
And one a gift of value would present,
One parchment scroll, or verses reverent.
Till all agreed for one of such renown,
The only fitting present were a crown;
And with it high potential honors give
With him to die, or with him always live;
They thought of arts, of happiness, of health,
But made him monarch o'er the realm of Wealth.

Then filled with zeal the people did combine
To build a palace that should be a shrine.
Among the giant range of towering hills,
They chose a spot which their conception fills.

A mount, superbly swelling to the sky,
Which, o'er its fellows looked most royally,
From whose proud summit one would gaze in vain
To find a higher in the endless chain;
So stood it like a monarch of the strand,
Or sentinel, who awed the bursting land.
The sloping sides in varying green were drest,
Now here and there by forests huge opprest,
Where grown leviathans, the stately trees,
Nodded responsive to the powerful breeze.
Around its base a winding river swept,
Which rose in foam as o'er the rocks it leapt,
Or smoothly flowed a gentle course along,
Sweet gurgling low the soft meandering song.
From side to side, from base up to the crest,
With fruits and flowers the whole mount was drest;
Like to a breast of nature, rounded, fair,
All bursting with the juices clustering there.

Anon a change came o'er the lovely scene
And busy hands usurped the shades serene.
The clank of hammer and the smithy's glare,
Disturbed the breeze and glowed upon the air.
The populace intent on their design
Toiled upward loaded from the granite mine.

Man, beast, and science, all their strength impart,
To build a triumph of enduring art.

Ere many moons their silent lustres shed,
A royal palace reared its regal head.
Without, composed of various colored blocks
Polished to beauty; the underlay of rocks
Which the foundation formed, were cut so fine,
They seemed but carvings from a precious mine.
Of shining ebony the doors were made,
The panels all with satin-wood inlaid;
The rosewood furnished out each window frame,
While box relieved what otherwise were tame.
Along the eaves the precious metals glowed,
Their various tints arranged in curious mode,
And gems outrivalling the famous one
Of Landak, from the cornice, peerless shone.

Within 'twas like a fairy scene. It seemed
As if the Goddess Beauty, one day dreamed
Of Pregnancy, and joying much thereat
In pleasurable mood long studying sat,
To show the world the riches of her sense
And flood some Palace with the evidence.

The hall adorned with many a sparkling shell
That of the distant waters, loving tell.
For though the chords were dry, still concord clings
To their rich throats, and each forever sings.
Here blooming roses threw a sweet perfume,
There stately lillies almost filled the room,
While feathered songsters in their revelries
Chanted the praise of birds of Paradise;
Here sensuous marbles met the passionate gaze
As if to surfeit feelings which they raise;
Here gorgeous pictures by the hand of art
The various scenes of life and joy impart;
One, of a woman, in each feature fair,
The sun in dalliance with her golden hair
Seems only to enrobe her, while her hands
Scatter profusely, fruits, and stocks, and lands.
Ah me! how many are the bursting sighs
When but are gazed on, those full rounded thighs;
What threats are made of demonian harms
When seen forever all her other charms.
The artisans now gaze, from work they turn,
Then work, then gaze, and gaze, and work, and burn.
And so throughout on everything was writ
Art, science, luxury, learning, sensuous wit.

So stood the fabric when the work was done,
It shone upon the crest, like to another sun.

From every land assembled each a host,
With thought of Mammon's honor uppermost.
In various garbs, with several tongues they came,
And some with meekness, some with hearts of flame.
With pomp and splendor came the world's renown
To raise to power, and a king to crown.

Nature glowed forth in many a fulsome ray,
Combining beauties to adorn the day.
Sure ne'er had man a higher, lowlier lot,
Than he who reigned upon that charming spot;
Who in the morn, was man, a blessed thing,
And in the evening King o'er every King.

The populace, enamored at the sight,
Of so much glory, splendor, and of might,
Were sudden filled with that insanity,
Which culminated in Idolatry.
And so they bowed them down on hands and knees,
Forgot their God, and Mammon swore to please.
God in in his wrath a fierce decree then hurled,
And scattered Mammon's votaries through the world.

PART SECOND.

Address to America at the close of the War of Independence by the poor of Europe—Increase of Mammon's power—Some names great in history—An apology—A quick leap to 1857—The broken bank—A plain truth plainly told—A glance at confederates—George Peabody—Female sharps—The followers of humbug—A silly suicide—The Congressional gambler—A double legacy—A plea for the player and a hint for the clergy—A bad husband—The deceptions of beauty—Representative distillers—The weak dreamer—Clay and Lambert—Villianous croakers—Commercial sharks—The true story of a great deception—The policy dealing banker—The gold room habitues—The President—Information of a fool—Vigor versus slime—Active bankers—A surfeited heathen—An appeal—A youth—A glance at the season of prosperity—A tripped financier—A desire to be poor—A character.

AMERICA! to thee with longing eyes
We look for succor, and our spirits rise.
Thy wars have made thee dearer to our hearts
Than all the gold in Britain's lordly marts;
For this is used our chains to multiply,
While those prepare us for delivery.
For thee in patience still the load we bear,
Content our children, thy abode shall share.

We know thou 'rt poor, thy credit almost down,
Yet Morris lives, to lift thee to renown.
We have no gold to compass our desires,
And still we labor at our cheerless fires.
Oh! how we long the time to quickly speed,
When we can see thy Washington indeed,
Pour out our praises on his noble head,
And follow where his daring footsteps led.
We talk of Putnam, Warren and the rest,
Till holy fires glow within our breast;
We burn to see thy forests, feel the wind
That Freedom blows, o'er all the human kind.
There's room enough for all the million poor
Who shiver in our mines. We will endure
A little longer yet, much more content
To go as men, than be as paupers sent.
The stripes upon thy banner which we see
Reflect our wrongs and foul degeneracy.
But when assembled 'neath your azured stars
We'll sing aloud, our wounds will all be scars.
No more the blood-wet lash will score our backs,
No more the stretching on the deadly racks,
No more the guillotine our sons behead,
Because in Freedom's ranks they boldly led;

No more the dungeons, or starvations thong,
Because we happen to but think a wrong.
All these will end. Thou goddess, Liberty!
With righteous hand, unshackled, strong and free,
Strikes off our chains i' the teeth of Tyranny.

The million from European dens so spake,
And rotten thrones, sick brains began to quake.
The Western world the end of Empire told,
And monarchs feared their subjects to behold.
Why did not George believe the words of Burke?
Why in his brain did no just reason lurk?
The world must still move onward; he who thinks
To check its course, beneath the surface sinks.
Man's will, no more controls the moving zones,
Than crawling worms command his reeking bones.

Mammon, with fortunes changing as the wind,
Had still advanced, as age on age declined.
His prowess wakened all the living hosts,
On every land a giant grip he boasts.
O'er Afric's sands his shining influence grows,
Displayed in rings within the painted nose.
On Asia's plains the diadems now gleam,
And every river is a pearly stream.

All Europe yields to fascinating lays
Which tone the heart to sing our Mammon's praise.
Yet all agree that near St. Paul's great dome
Our monarch revels in his dearest home.

Britain had failed to bring the Eagle down,
When a race thundered at high George's crown.
Too happy he, a useless war to end,
Lest rebel arts should all his kingdom rend.
Our Henry had resigned his civic robe,
His words enlightened half the startled globe.
Heroic Jones had swept the British main,
Pursued by cruisers, but pursued in vain;
And Lafayette his valiant blood had shed,
Risked all, and caught the laurel to his head;
While Putnam every sense of reason shocks,
By dashing boldly down the Stamford rocks.

How joy now trembles o'er each noble name,
Whose glowing embers light the fount of Fame.
What praises hover on the willing tongue,
Which long ago the poets should have sung;
How Adams boldly threw the gauntlet down,
That shook the jewels of an empty crown;

How Hamilton's and Jay's unfettered will,
Our credit saved by their financial skill.
Of Pike and Perry, Morgan and the rest,
Who blaze triumphant on our nation's crest.

To press but lightly on historic page,
To leave the past and show the present age,
Thou kindly muse, forgive the coward pen,
Which overleaps the names of daring men!
But grant the present shall not darkly blast
The sacred memories of an honored past!

Buchanan! recreant to the people's will,
What serpent nestled in your bosom still,
When bleeding Kansas, struggling to be free,
Yielded to dogmas of your heresy?
And while Nebraska trembled 'neath your frown,
Expanded credits bore the country down.

City of Penn! thy name was draped in gloom,
First to suspend and last of all resume;
The fault not thine. 'Tis certain men we thank,
Who shook the public faith and robbed the bank.

See, stately ———ne, slow move along,
His head erect, as though he ne'er did wrong.
He awed the thousands till he held their purse;
The Bank he broke and wakened many a curse.
So rears the snake his venomed crest on high,
While gathering horrors glitter in his eye;
He pauses to admire his victim's dread,
Then quick uncoils and rattling, strikes him dead.
Once, he among financial men renowned,
For banking ideas not exactly sound,
By shrewder men was calmly taken in,
While N–wh–ll plucks, and Tony, Tommy grin.
His ignorance we might perhaps o'erlook,
His confidential strut perhaps e'en brook;
But for his manners to the sorrowing mass,
Who in funereal weeds so solemn pass,
The widows whom his lowness did betray,
The orphans pittance meanly wiped away,
As one would cleanse a picture from a slate,
So he destroyed their hopes, and damned their fate.
For this will no forgiveness bless his toil,
Who lords it o'er his own New Jersey soil;
For this, anathemas, both loud and deep,
Ring through his halls and o'er his forests sweep.

Those others, too, confederate to his plan,
Were each below the standard of a man;
For who, that ever heard the widow sob,
Would plan in affluence all the poor to rob?
What heaps of gold into their hands were slid,
And in the banker's closet safely hid;
The closet which so touched a Child's fond pride,
Which quickly vanished when the old man died.
We understand. The theory is out.
Let every clerk now for them raise a shout.
Their foul suspicions take an ugly root
From their own sad crimes. Forth they quickly shoot,
Till their young men are blossoming with theft,
Ill got they feared, to be by ill bereft.

Must they who saw forever hold their tongue,
While the chief actors go abroad unhung?
If riches can excuse their hideous wrong,
Let poverty forgive this harmless song.
Content I'll sing without their base alloy,
As long as they those reeking gains enjoy.
One day will conscience stalk before their gaze,
To quake the knee and set the eye aglaze;
Till comes the arbiter whom Fate controls,
To justice send and sudden damn their souls.

How blest is he, who in our memory lives,
Who getting still, yet liberally gives.
His soul now mounts above the sordid plan
That moulds the actions of a selfish man.
With tearful eyes, the scene of want he views,
Nor can he once the keen appeal refuse.
He sees the workmen bending 'neath their loads,
The ragged cyprians clust'ring in the roads;
He wanders into courts and filthy lanes,
He sees the poor and lives in all their pains.
He melts at all he sees, away he turns,
And nobly, lavish benefaction learns.

His whitened locks my veneration claim,
But more his virtue, and his generous aim;
And if his story were but fitly told,
We then should see it writ in solid gold.
Long parted from his mother land and kin,
He yearns to see his native home again.
His praises gush from every living mouth,
His kindly millions reach a bleeding South.
So Fortune, her most favored son beguiles,
While Britain weeps and all Columbia smiles.

Danvers! his name let all thy youth inspire,
Where noble men are sons, he is the sire.

How frail the living of those female toads,
Who hop from place to place along the roads.
On generous bounty they alone depend,
Yet all the while to riches they pretend.
Their nephew this, a railroad president,
Their neice is marvellously affluent;
The world's decrees their daughter's claims sustain,
As brilliant belles, they over Fashion reign.
While triumphs grace their sons most gallant arms,
And Fortune revels in their warlike charms.
But strange to say, spite of their silken dress,
They lose a purse, and are in some distress.
Would some kind soul, the hapless to befriend,
Just a few dollars for the present lend?
Cape May and Saratoga both have roared,
To see the shifts they make to pay their board,
While sympathies of verdant men arrange
To keep these sharpers in their pocket change.
Shrewd, sleek and modest, they now praise, now blame,
And still successful, play their little game.
Of pleasant manners, and with naught to vex,
Save keen detection by their own sweet sex.

Oh, woman! why expose their idle plan?
They'd never do it if they had a man.
But lacking him, they soon imperfect grow,
And pushed from heaven, seek the place below.

The man who has a stock of active brains
May tax them ne'er so hard, so he maintains
Controlment o'er their sense, the truth it is,
He need not care, for still the brains are his.
The farmer, who a crop each year demands,
Still holds possession of his yielding lands;
Day after day the riverside is sought,
From the same nook unnumbered fish are caught;
While the lone shepherd, craving a small boon,
Punctures a reed and plays you many a tune.
The nook remains, the finster eager bites,
One tune is gone, but still the next delights.
'Tis thus the people seek the trysting ground,
Where Humbug pours its cooling liquid round.
Bathed in the sweets of an ambrosial race,
They yield their purses with becoming grace.
Each visit still subservient to the last,
No lesson learned by teachings of the past.
So they grope on and blindly hug the god,
Still list the syren air, still clutch the rod.

Still see in Helmbold but a genius rare,
Still praise their Beecher with his flowing hair,
Still follow every fickle founded change
That Fashions urge, however ill or strange.

Poor Rufus' horrors undermine his health,
He sickens when he thinks of all his wealth.
Harsh, darkling visions his poor brain now haunt,
He dreads that one day he will come to want.
And mad to end, the misery so rife,
He ties the rope and launches out of life.

What can we hope from those who make our laws,
Who at no bloody deed would wince or pause;
From morn till eve, from eve to weary day,
Used to the curses of the theft, Roulette.
Ourselves the cause, what else can be to blame,
If we impeach our honor, blast our fame.
Thus high constituents the bruiser calls
From Faro sittings, to Congressional Halls.
When base-got money places gamblers there
The nation totters, let its friends beware.

Poor Oxenford, with fever lying low,
When Fortune her neglect ne'er failed to show,

As if to atone for former negligence,
And for his sickness yield a recompense,
Not satisfied, one legacy shall do,
Opens her hand, and showers upon him two.

The actor labors and reward obtains,
Who powerfully o'er each passion reigns.
So Forrest comes. Permit a friendly word
For his abused class, too seldom heard.
Now why? Because a weaker man we trace
Falling behind and doomed to lose the race;
Should we assemble all our savage might
To vent at him, and stop his weary flight;
Then o'er his undefended head proclaim
Him the sole recreant of the human name,
While tongues abusive, pulpit curses loud,
Social reproaches thick upon him crowd.
Why will no one among the praying host
Repent his hardness, and take back his boast,
Risk his good name, adopt a noble stand,
And take the falling actor by the hand?
Religion shuns because her parsons do,
The mass because, she 'gainst it, locks her pew.
Here is the reason why the stage is shorn
Of half those beauties which with it were born.

Wisely conceived, kin to the church and state,
'Twas sent to humanize and elevate.
Why has the fires of inspired art
Combined with Poesy, to make at part?
If Heaven were so far to good adverse,
As in a moment to design and curse;
If other trades were free from spot or taint,
And every artisan a blameless saint,
Religion might with reason raise the cry,
That blasts fair fame and stabs humanity.
But as it is, the clergy are not free,
The worst examples in their robes we see.
Who reads of Grant's seductive fall from grace
But would the brazen sensual facts efface.
One Williams too, who beat his child to death,
And laughed exulting o'er its latest breath.
While reverend Howe, meekly whining cit,
Debauches children where his sermon's writ.
From Paris now, the news comes glowing on,
A ballet girl the prize for virtue won.
These facts should parry each rash parson's thrust,
While papers fatten on the preacher's lust.

What demon lives within the sordid hearts,
That like the vultures on the swallows dart?

Which takes a dear wife's portion to its care,
Confines her person in a madhouse lair.
Urging upon the world, the feeble plea,
A born affliction of insanity.
What meaner crime save drugged seduction lives?
It merits greater pains than Hell e'er gives.
Domestic Fraud! beware your coming fate,
Amend your errors ere it be too late;
Remove the suffering woman from that place
Which not her name, but all your aims disgrace.
Think of the dread which all her soul appals,
While living fearfully within those walls.
How would you rave, and curse at Heaven and Hell,
If for an hour bound within that cell?
Then pity take, your wedded one release,
Restore her body, and your soul to peace.
Or, yet see vengeance in the future trace,
A Fate like hers, to bring you face to face;
While conscience, with a huge upbraiding hand,
Flames at your brain, with his destroying brand.

As when some riper beauty meets our gaze,
Assailing passion in a myriad ways;

When aye we feel the tributary glow,
We own the power we ne'er before did know.
Like a dissolving shadow of the past,
The lesser rivals beauty cannot last.
The charms that late we sung insipid seem,
We gaze and all the past is but a dream.
We gaze and all the tender things once thought,
Are blotted from the page so often sought.
We from the softer passion loathing turn,
And seek the love our manhood cannot spurn.
We sink ourselves to win a lovely arm,
To find perhaps it is an only charm;
Or oft apostrophize a rounded form,
And after hear the terrors of a storm;
An ankle will at times our Fate control,
And many a kick rewards our trusting soul.
We yield our hearts up to a glowing eye,
And find we please, but cannot satisfy.
So should we study with our better sense
For that which brings at last life's recompense.
So should we parry each deceitful thrust,
Whose stab, ambrosial, makes us bite the dust.

Fernando Wo–d, a model thing does live
Of those who poison to the masses give.

In thirty-six, bad whisky from his stores,
Three cents per glass, he sold to stevedores.
He capped his actions, ever meanly bad,
By charging them with what they never had.
So some men rise, and eat congressional meals,
While their poor victim in the poorhouse reels.
Yet multitudes will on their friends enjoin,
A vote that shows the color of his coin;
While amorous voices raise the fulsome strain,
In love with his, and their prospective gain.
Is this indeed America's bright hope,
Which elevates by wrong, and not by rope?
Why does not reason seize the frantic mass
Which should unite to crush the dotard brass?
Pale virtue! kindly emblem of the poor,
No longer statesmen, thus bestained endure;
But raise your hand, and strike a deadly blow,
To send him to his customers below.
Or through the rank diseases, gangrene's prize,
Drag his poor body, till he howling dies.

Is this the dawn of but a sleeping mind?
A feather started by the passing wind?
Are these the throes of one sad withered heart?
That I so deeply, shiveringly, start

When but a word is mentioned; why should Fame
Whirl through my brain, yet seem to shroud my name?
Are mine the taunts of but an empty soul
That echoes plain the bell's distressing toll?
Or, are these maims sent from an angry God?
To teach the end of all is but the sod.
So Wilhelm mutters, in his waking dreams,
Lacking the nerve with which true courage teems.
He fears to stem the current of suspense,
In poor philosophy he clothes his sense.
While weak regrets and sickly fancies steal
O'er his mild brain, and all his aims reveal.
He fears to lift the axe, lest he be hurt;
He shuns hard work, because he hates the dirt;
And so lives on, while self imposed complaint,
Wears on his heart, till all his senses faint.
Buried, we find his epitaph repeats,
How want of manhood, talent fair, defeats.

The starry records of a towering mind,
Whose massive pressure moulds the unrefined,
Augment the general knowledge of the State,
And show the source whence virtues emanate.
So the fine outlines of a roasted pig,
Whose smoking carcass tempts some gouty whig,

Grandly fill up the channels to content,
And mock at Banting's quiet sentiment.
The inequality of flesh is shown,
One lacks the stuff, that shields another's bone;
These show the warriors known as belly, brain,
Our Clay's great loss is but our Lambert's gain.

Eternal croakers misery create.
They with the nasty, and the dismal mate;
On acids suckled, too, they frown on all;
On fat, and lean, on middling, great, and small.
And dinners, biscuit, women, music, wine,
To shades below, they will in turn consign.
One day's too warm, another much too cold,
They wish for age when young, for youth when old.
In disappointment's owl-surrounding mire,
They pant, expecting, shortly, to expire.
They preach of their misfortunes, curse their debts,
Run a whole catalogue of wild regrets.
What they but praise, all the world else condemns;
All gold is gilt, and pebbles precious gems.
They grunt, and groan, and snarl, with sickly scoffs,
Their season ends with dry dyspeptic coughs.

These misanthropes are but examples sent
To teach mankind the hells of discontent.
Expect the tiger at the highest reach,
Of his fell bound to sudden stop and screech;
The lioness, when robbed she is of young,
To vent her vengeance with a licking tongue;
The hungry wolf, just when his careless prey
Is in his clutch, expect to give it away;
But never such a folly think of then,
As look for mercy from the thriving men,
Who pale Necessity still keep in thrall,
Till interest reaches principal and all.
Such sharks have pierced till honored credit wanes,
Scuttling the fortunes industry obtains.
They hover near you, bow, depress, elate,
But in your ears, they shriek the highest rate;
They lead you by a soft and silken thread,
But sudden draw it, severing your head.
With loving slime, they lick you to a pulp,
Till body, soul, and assets, down they gulp;
And such is Frank, who pays the very least
To save his soul, by bribing some sick priest.

What subtle plan the public so deceived?
What journal printed all the mass believed?

Whose lie from —— street sent to Washington,
Returned "official," startling every one?
That Johnson propositions had writ out
Pronouncing Congress but a rabble rout.
What trio waits, and while the trap is set,
Counts on the christian profit it will get?
Whose features show no traces of the guile
That deeply lurks beneath the friendly smile?
And locked in the embrace of toady cliques,
Now flourish blossoms, books, and sometimes bricks.
Who stood behind the stall at — — four,
And to the truth of all the letter swore?
Who urged their friends to quickly purchase gold,
While (busy bees) their own they tireless sold?
Who added half a million to the pile
Already towering by transactions vile?
Who picked the pocket, plucked the trader sore,
Unearthed a hoax, to make a little more?

If you would know who coined the dirty lie,
Leave old High Road and with a cautious eye,
Go gaze upon the busy moneyed street,
And note the granite pave beneath your feet;
But stammer not, the name in wild surprise
That o'er the door, in marble letters rise;

Three open arches tempt the public in
To yield in "shaves" a portion of its tin;
Four stories tower to the clouded heaven,
The numbers added make the mystic seven.
Three brothers there the business control,
Of various feature, but of kindred soul.
The youngest much too lubberly to pet,
Rejoices in the cognomen of "Get."
The second of a lusty frame too vain,
Is still recipient of the title "Gain."
While last and least of all the sordid breed,
The eldest flourishes the name of "Greed."
These brothers now shield well each other's fames,
Greed, Gain and Get will do for christian names.
If you this place these brothers can descry,
You know not yet but half as much as I;
For other schemes they cunning have devised
To cheat the world, though all the world despised.

One Rob–nson, is still the very same,
As when he blasted Wilmington's fair name.
The knowing wonder when they see him rise,
To Third street house from dealing policies.
Too stupid far and mean beyond his age,
He's only shrewd when Folly is the rage.

So far advanced in intellectual heat,
That he can play at jack straws with his feet.
Now 'cross the street with some weak thought bestrid,
He quakes the gold room with a paltry bid;
When Morris frights him with a voice of doom,
And Robby drops his tail and leaves the room.
He knows that all do think him but an ass,
And seeks to hide the fact behind more brass.
But all the bronze in earth or sea, or air
Could never shield from sight his vacant stare;
Not all the instruments of lordly tone,
Could drown those brays that now are his alone;
And though in seas of cloth he disappears,
He ne'er can hide his big and hairy ears.

One day the meanest servitor who fell,
Who but the scum of earth escorts to Hell;
When trade does feebly, irritably, lag,
Will pick him up and thrust him in his bag,
Then such a tale of fraud will tireless spin,
That Satan holds his nose and takes him in.
Poor John, as years increase upon your head,
Perhaps some brains may yet to thee be wed;
But much I fear thy progeny's estate,
While nothing but abortions grace your pate.

Behold the gold room operators, shout,
And jump, and howl, and toss their hands about;
Now glare the eyes, and now stands out each hair,
They flush with gain, and now with losses stare.
There Wo–d, the Sunday writer, as they say,
Feels his moustache throughout the busy day;
Condoles with all upon each chilling loss,
And confidential nods to baldy Cross;
Long Edward reaches like a Poplar tree
Into the regions only travelers see,
Behold him stretch his long and fleshy arm,
His belly bend with all of beauty's charm;
How like a kitten, chubby, plump, and fair,
His playful antics wake the sordid air.
All-what's-his-name, he of the peaked nose,
More noisy with the dear excitement grows;
Young William sports his diamonds and his ducks,
And boasts of his acquaintance with the knucks;
While fussy Cl–rk, in thin and singing strain,
Pipes out a bid, as if he were in pain.
Here timid E–rle sits at his pensive ease,
Indulging in his apples, and his cheese;
While lusty Allan, an example lives,
And sundry lessons of enjoyment gives.

Among the many, yellow, fair or dark,
Our Powell towers, quite a patriarch.

As each quotation comes, what clamors rise,
The hall is filled with roaring melodies,
While erst we list the low desponding tale,
With which the "bears" their sorrows all bewail.
Anon the crowd to Abel's board retreat,
As Specialty sweeps along the street;
While Clarence splutters, and McMichael swells,
My Kelly still within my memory dwells.

The Major rises from his easy chair,
And grandly fingers at his glossy hair;
His features show no traces of a frown,
As with a smile he brings the hammer down.
A station to command his element,
Where friends combine to make him President.
The Board his mild injunction soon obey,
The roughest yield to his delicious sway;
The chorus meekly sinks to low refrain,
Appeals to Webst–r are not made in vain;
The clatter of carousal voices loud,
Shrinks back to silence, even M–ss is cowed.

With equal zeal he rules the festive board,
When fowls are voted with a quick accord.
Good cheer, and welcome, in his features shine,
His spirits mingle with his glowing wine.

A spider toy, suspended by a thread,
Can fill the tender heart with silent dread;
The story of some suffering infant told,
May wring the soul that's proud and greatly bold;
The ear accustomed to the bullet's flight,
Will shrink from moanings of a windy night;
And oft the eye, which dark stern vigils keep,
Will sink in pity, and profoundly weep.
So great abilities should not prevent,
The quiet virtues following their bent;
If, for a soldier's love, a maiden sued,
No reason 'tis, that he should e'er be rude;
Who so is great is the more truly so,
Who kindly sets a humble heart aglow.
But never G–w descended from his stool,
And perched on high ne'er thought himself a fool;
He drains the draught of self distilled applause,
And fain would dominate o'er all our laws;
No kindness in his spirit's ever blent,
To charities he lends at ten per cent.

His glittering eye in children terrors raise ;
His hair enjoys entanglements best praise ;
Woe once assailed him in the busy mart,
And long the goddess tried to find his heart,
But failing, sadly grasped her mourning cup,
Content at last to give the rascal up.
Sure one would think, who all his tricks have heard,
That Walnut street well nigh outstrips South Third.

Our big lunged champion, rises in his might,
Eager to join the legislative fight;
And though the crawler spirts his venom out,
And darts his little glittering eyes about.
Lifting his yellow hand to cause dismay,
Our Webster still preserves his happy sway.
The opposition send him many a frown,
But all their fury cannot keep him down.

See Silvy those activities reveal,
Which tend directly to his woe or weal;
Now "bulls" he high, now "bears" he to the dust,
A friend to all, yet recreant to each trust;
So smart and furious for the greedy pelf,
Not strange, he often, will o'er reach himself;

And when he thinks to grasp the golden prize,
He fails, and shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

Now Philip's tortured with the weight of stocks,
That slumber safely in his iron box;
A Banker's daughter certain powers gave,
Which make him eager for the paying shave.
Smart, shrewd, and active, bold, and nothing worse
Than anxious for the contents of his purse.

Hear wealthy C–mblos spit his vengeful ire,
On younger men who boast ambition's fire.
Now see him creep with stealthy step along,
And seek to meddle in the busy throng;
Tobacco oozes from his saffron skin,
The juice meanwhile runs down his dirty chin;
Now see him rise with green, and gleaming eyes,
To say, "those sales are but recorded lies,
Set down against the characters of those
Who brave his rage, becoming Heaven's foes."
Secure himself, he fain would grind to dust,
Those nobler hearts, which scorn his coward thrust;
Because forsooth a generous deed is done,
Or greater wit, obscures his little sun,

Slow Charles must snail like, creep upon the page,
And damp the beauties of the growing age;
Still blot the records of the mounting heart,
Leaving his slime, upon each glowing part.

Why sons of profit, did no courage rise,
To force the heathen to apologize;
Why shrank ye back when aye his voice he raised,
And in your teeth the vile insult he blazed;
Too long ye have embraced the rusty chains
That fetter only to respect great gains.
Too long ye sit and bend beneath the eyes,
Of those who linger but to tyranize;
For them ye rot, for them ye tamely pray,
While trade is smothered, genius dies away.
Arise bold Adams, cast the serpent down,
Lift up the eagle of your high renown.
Young Fox take up the hatchet of the true,
And strike the roots of fogyism through;
And Barker, still, uplift your lordly tones,
Shake the fierce terrors, from the old dry bones;
While all the sinews of the rising Board
Will join you with a powerful accord;
With you for leaders, stocks will get their dues,
While Loyd will leap and joy with grateful Hewes.

Unsound the law which bids the fossil rule,
The growing landscape, or the rapid tool;
Men live not always, neither should their laws,
Results forever vary with the cause.
Reason is still the safer guide to all,
While retrospection ripens at our call.
So changing times require changing men,
For good, or ill, to use the righteous pen.

A picture of Columbia's monied marts,
Reveals the shame of all the gambler's arts:
Tricks gushing with the contumacious lie,
The speculators on each other ply.
Defaulting tellers, find at last the cell,
Where vicious cashiers, inoffensive dwell;
Grain operations, which short purses drain,
The pillars of the Christian church sustain;
Each Congressman's a money genius still,
Who saves the country with a finance bill;
Now Stevens hurls a fierce and dread attack,
Which threats commercial interests with the rack;
While Kendall drags his idiot clause along,
Proclaiming all the money laws are wrong;
Now Tobin bids and gathers lesser men,
Where Little's mantle's proudly worn again.

McCollough hoards a dangerous heap of gold,
He holds the trumps, his finance play is bold,
The currency he now contracts, expands,
As suits his game, or policy demands;
A man should hug the principal to rest,
Not pay the debt and stop the interest;
By this strange process, so the Treasurer says,
One's credit's better, though one never pays.
There Dent & Co. for many millions down
Offer their creditors but half a crown.
And Chapin at the Derby sweeps the stakes,
And near a million honorably makes.

The prize in "corners" seldom has been won,
Leighton goes down while working Corydon.
Ward yields to copper, Work to Hestonville,
For brief timed joys they get a world of ill;
In place of nectar gulp a bitter pill.

How like a strumpet, stripped of tinsel, paint,
And all those gewgaws that bespeak her taint,
Would our financial men and world appear,
If but disrobed of all their vices dear.

If all the plans of profit, tricks to win,
Were gathered in a separate world of sin.
What then were Daniel, Tony, Meyer, Ben,
Cornelius, Childs, but mean and sorry men.

What festive joys would crown their revelry,
As skeletons upon a phantom sea,
If justice gave these charlatans their due,
And forced these naked truths upon their view;
How Pe–le would beg, and Warthm–n sing in vain,
For the one privilege to be poor again.
While stingy M–tchell back to youth would bound,
Or pass the hat benevolently round.

PART THIRD.

War and peace—Secessia beneath a canopy of chains—His palace of human bones—Hate—Secessia's commands to Bloodshed, Rapine and Devastation—The bleeding country—The starved warriors—Feminine malehood—Final exit—Inflation and its results—Depression—Panic and disaster strike a triple blow—Mammon's distress—His mountain home—Arrival of a ruined populace—The varied features of the crowd—Their despair and conduct—The curse—Mammon's promise—A starveling becomes a mongrel man—Mammon's disgust—The appeal of the D. H. S.—The triumph of professional lifetakers, *i. e.* insurance solicitors—The anguish of the quacks—The slanderer and his fate—A Masonic delegation and their generous reception—The future of the Order—The end of day—Mammon's resolve—His printing presses at work—A thankless, various, radiant crowd disappears—Mammon alone and night comes upon the world.

Ere dread calamity became the star,
The ruling God of nations, and of war;
Ere the fleet steed loud snorting to the wind,
Plunged on the foe, and never looked behind;
Or ere with pious thrust, a reverend sire,
Proved words of peace consort with deeds of fire;

Ere heaving tempests lurked in caves of brass,
Or powder plots were ranged 'neath plains of grass;
Ere armed vessels groaned on ocean's breath,
To lightning forth the thunder tone of death;
Ere tumult swung aloft its banner torn,
And shrieked, and swayed, from gloomy morn to morn,
The world with tuneful cadences was filled,
In songs of peace, all other sounds were stilled.

No voice of rage, in discords loud, and shrill,
Piped its hot breath, to breed a world of ill;
No tones of envy, most malicious power,
Scorched the fair day, or gnawed upon the hour;
No fragile form fled from the assassin's knife,
Or begged in piteous tones, a harmless life;
No giant stride of hate, no shriek of fear,
E'er blanched the cheek, or palled upon the ear;
No robber crept beneath the robes of night,
No piles of treasure ached upon his sight;
Fell rumor ne'er engrossed the gossip's care,
No virtue known, because no vice was there;
The placid world hailed to the heavens above,
Which smiled responsive, all was peace and love.

Behold the spot where grim Secessia reigns,
On throne of fire, 'neath canopy of chains;
His chieftans ranged about him, wait his nod,
Rage, pains, tears, rancor, torture, chilly sod,
Theft, violation, murder, endless harms,
With flaming eyeballs and with ready arms.
Around him rise the black, uneven walls,
Decked o'er by demon skill, that sight appals;
The walls themselves, the curious figures too,
The kingly throne, the horns the demons blew,
The numerous rattling canopies of state,
The chairs on which the grim attendants wait,
The urns in which the dread recordings lie,
The dome all tapestried, the carvings nigh,
The furniture, the seeming inlaid stones,
Were but a mass of wrought up human bones.

From each dusk corner, see a giant rise,
With bloody hands and red hot flaming eyes,
Eager to seize the devastating brand,
And hurl destruction o'er a peaceful land;
Half hid in chains, grown weak from mould and rust,
And hair all gray with dank sepulchral dust,
As though just from a century's carouse,
In some extended, aged, charnel-house.

First came dark Hate, with nervous darting look,
Which the soft eye of love could never brook;
Whose deeds are first on chronicles accurst,
With one tremendous wrench his chains he burst.
His ponderous head, herculean form,
Nor fears the thunder, and defies the storm,
His voice a tempest, and each movement death,
Scorpions and snakes lie hidden in his breath.
And thus he stands, a bolt of smothered harms,
No weapon has he but his mighty arms.
Bends he full low, his master to allure,
That he a bloodier mission may secure.
Anon the great seceder speaks in tones
That startle with affright the rattling bones.
"Go forth, thou minister of civil broil,
Range o'er the realms of gold, the huts of toil,
Attack the farmer in his sunny home,
Assail the merchant 'neath the festive dome;
By hasty act and venomed word of mouth,
Divide the North, to help the nobler South;
Embitter man 'gainst man, and will 'gainst will,
And soon I'll send a messenger to kill;
Avaunt and haste thee,"—straightway giant Hate
Howled an adieu, and never stopped to prate.

Next Bloodshed came, all singed and scarred his face,
As though by former deeds he carved his place.
Adown his arms the sword stroke furrows ran,
And all his limbs the great seams deeply span.
His eyebrows wore a black and rugged frown,
And from his mouth the blood drops trickled down.
Forth from his bloodshot eye burst balls of fire,
That told of hellish deeds of vengeful ire.

No sooner had he shown his red veined face,
Than his chains fell, blood rusted from their place;
He stamped and shook himself, as though to see
If all his functions were at liberty;
With a deep breath that made the place resound,
He fell before his master with a bound.

"Hail sire! Potential God!" he said,
"At thy command I hither hasty sped;
Released from fettered ease, I craving ask
That very soon thoul't speak my baneful task."

"Give me thy hand, thou minister of blood,"
And they embraced as kindred spirits should.
"Thy task it is, the mighty sword to wield,
And scatter carnage on the battle field;

To fill with gaping wounds our Northern foes;
And drown the national in domestic woes;
Swing thy red sword until the vultures croak,
Lop off the heads, a hundred at a stroke;
Until the earth, all sated with the gore,
Rolls it away, refusing to drink more;
Then hew and hack, nor stop to talk, or dream,
Till 'gins to swell like veins each running stream;
Nor cease thy work till o'er the banks they flood,
And men, and land, and waters, all are blood."

Then greedy Rapine stole upon the scene,
And looked around, above bones, and between;
Dark cunning flashed from his far sunken eye,
Where cruelty in dogged fear doth lie.
Long arms and mighty move the soul to fright,
Like the grim rocks which fret the sea by night.

"Thou know'st thy mission, double limbed knave!
Forth to thy work, nor spare the church, nor grave;
Creep with thy minions to the city's wealth,
Possess it, or by knife, or fraud, or stealth;
Pause at the rustic's door, for alms appeal,
Watch when he turns, then boldly in and steal;
The maiden, standing by the bowered gate,
Clutch thou away, and boldly violate;

The wife, who hides her husband's little hoard,
Knock on the head, and seize on all that's stored;
Trip up the workmen as they homeward go,
Filch the week's wages, war costs much you know.
Throughout the North each town or growing village
Has too much wealth, will lesser grow by pillage.
Go forth! and spare, nor age, nor sex, nor kind,
Something from all to bring away thou 'lt find;
The merchant's marble palace, yielding farms,
The student's chamber, and the young girl's charms,
The beds of gold, the red and glowing wine,
Bring thou them here, for I would have all mine."
Gathering his imps that soon around him flew,
Rapine made his obeisance and withdrew.

With gaunt, yet fiery aspect, then appeared
Foul Devastation, guilt and blood besmeared,
Brimful of some fell purposed horrid woe,
Death was his look, which kills without a blow.
Huge limbs, in some saturnal region born,
Held up a frame which dooms mankind to mourn;
Stiff bristling from his thick uncovered neck,
Grew hairy swords, that drive the world awreck;

Upon his head the myriad tortures grew,
In heaving flames now burning darkly blue;
Disaster couchéd in his eager eyes,
And from his mouth the leaping torments rise;
A clot stained sword he clutches in one hand,
The other swings aloft a burning brand;
Full twenty daggers grace his body belt,
Whose hackings show the blows he must have dealt.
Raging he bellows, and but ill at ease,
Before his chieftain, drops upon his knees.

Secessia, smiling, into greetings broke,
And to the kneeling slayer, thus he spoke.
"Hail chieftest fiend! all things above below,
The fruits of the good working plainly show;
Thou'rt felt in dread consumption's ghostly sway
In wrecks on seas, in mental strength's decay;
In the proud tree, low bending to the blast,
That with a crash falls to the ground at last;
In castles which the feudal flag unfurled
Now ruined, that had once defied the world;
In the recoiling stroke of lightning flash,
Which over mountains, into forests crash;
In storms that rend the quiet cottage hearth,
Uproot the trees, and barren make the earth.

In flouting Treason's pale ambiguous eye,
In by gone glory, and in Patriot sigh;
Up and away, my constant friend and true,
Do all that bloodshed, hate and rapine, fear to do."

Secessia, to assist his friends afar,
Seized a huge sword and bid his hosts prepare,
"Charge on the fiends with double hellish will,
Drown those alive, in blood from those ye kill."
He said, and soon in battle line arrayed,
He bade his followers kiss his battle blade.
Then with dread myriad howls all turned to go
And drench the North with one terrific blow.

Four years of anguish passed in hot disgrace,
Time blushed meanwhile, and hid his weeping face;
Starved warriors see again, their blooming homes,
With them the sickening tale of horror comes;
Of Carolina's dreadful prison deaths,
Of tortures mingling with pestiferous breaths,
Of dead lines passed, of quick sent bullet holes,
No chaplain gi'en, to bless the dying souls.

They tell the story of the glorious dead,
How Indiana craved, Rhode Island bled;

The blood of one united Maine was free,
To mingle with divided Tennessee.
Missouri mourned her fratricial band,
The Keystone rolled the foul hordes from her land.
As pass in turn the various scenes of war,
The limbless pensioner, the horrid scar,
The widow's weeds, the orphan's solemn line,
The great seceder sudden grows feminine.

He, who the Southern monarchy, would rule
At first encountered bitter ridicule;
But soon Monroe! thy walls encompassed him,
His locks more thin and gray, his eyes more dim.
The very vultures mingle in the crowd,
While vengeance o'er his prison cried aloud.
But ended there, our imbecile abhorence,
He takes his bed and crosses the St. Lawrence.
So drooped the great rebellion's chieftest head,
Its ministers in chains, abroad, or dead.
Pray Heaven we shall never hear in song,
That Northern mercy was Columbia's wrong.

Mammon the while looked on with many a frown,
He saw the eagle structure tumbling down,

Inflation rule each seeming busy mart,
Beheld depression ready with his dart,
Eager to strike but watchful of the hour,
When all should yield to his tremendous power.
He saw Assassinations form uncouth,
Eternal damn the foul name of a Booth;
Sorrow sweeps naked, through the shud'ring land,
Pointing at Lincoln with a palsied hand;
He saw succession mount the patriot's chair,
And all our liberties entrampled there;
A Congress wrangling in and out of sense;
The constant fear and loss of confidence;
The Chase coined banks, grow rotten to the core;
And current funds, more wretched than before;
He thought them all by politicians made,
To breed corruption in the heart of trade;
He saw the workshops idle one by one,
Where frauds of shoddy were covertly done;
The business of the country dwindle slow,
Till naught but speculation lived, to show
The road to gain. Strikes flourish east and west,
Each trader, all in anguish tear his breast.
He heard an empty rumor senselessly
Vented by partisan idiocy,

From which the people to be paupers learn,
And speculators into beggars turn.
He saw the saving banks soon close their doors,
The needy mass that out of Wall St. pours;
Importers, jobbers, hardware dealers, all,
Wrapt in one ruin, sick and crazy, fall;
The national banks which never specie need,
Fall down at once like to a broken reed;
He saw depression with a rapture glow,
Saw panic and disaster creeping slow,
The three together strike a triple blow,

The world its periodic illness felt,
In every land the money trouble dwelt.
The want of faith o'er every barrier rode,
And fortunes vanished by the quickest mode.

Mammon alarmed, to see the ruin made,
The sad scenes for a moment now surveyed,
Turned with a swimming eye, a mien of gloom,
And sought the solace of his mountain home;
He quickly views the waste of barren trees
That meets his gaze when but the court he sees,
Reflects that Winter with his freezing mould
Has changed the flowers, to the ices cold.

Within, a festive scene now meets his glance,
He pressed by many leads the jovial dance.
Anon a servant pale, with staring eyes,
Rushes before his master, whose surprise,
First checks his utterance, then "Varlet speak,
Why on our pleasures, do you sudden break?"

"Oh king! a rabble mass," the dolt replied,
"Are clamoring to see you. Open wide
The gates did stand, and in a mad despair,
They entered." "Enough! some my throne prepare
The richest robe upon my person place,
And let the court assemble all its grace.
We'll hear their speech, and in an hour expect,
A host, some soul, and some but body wrecked."

Now Mammon from an upper station sees,
The mass approaching through the leafless trees.
Sinners and saints, are linkèd arm in arm,
Made loving by the general alarm;
Bankers and stevedores, mingle all their tears,
Seek from each other solace for their fears;
Cashier and clerk are one by force of woe,
And hand in hand bemoaningly they go;

While science, art, and genius, poet, ass,
With brewers, butchers, beggars, weeping pass.
Lords, dukes, and kings, attend in mournful state,
To know the color of their future fate;
The merchant sobs within the laborer's arms,
And blurts our praises of his lusty charms;
Enough he sees, he hears the frantic cries,
And hastes to meet them with his remedies.
With royal step, he mounts the gorgeous throne,
Bearing the riches of full half a zone.

Now fresh despair does seem the crowd to heat,
They yell, they groan, and shriek, and stamp their feet.
They shake aloft certificates of shares,
And worthless bonds, prospectuses and snares;
One hurls a mass of deeds at Mammon's head,
Which separate, and all around are spread;
Another oily evidence proclaims,
In various Co.'s of near a thousand names;
A patentee, despairing of his bread,
Breaks the nice model on his neighbor's head;
And each insanely with a heap of noise,
The last sad token of his wealth destroys;
While empty wallets, some turned inside out,
Fly through the air, and pile the throne about.

Now rose a voice, "Oh never be ye damned,"
In thin dry tones as if a beggar qualmed;
"Ne'er be ye damned," the interjection dropped,
Then came one whose head was closely cropped;
Three then essayed to drop the useless "ne'er,"
And "be ye damned," they shrieked upon the air;
At which the maddened, indiscriminate crowd,
Caught up the curse and thundered it aloud.

Mammon long tried the tumult to subdue,
Still would they shriek, and bark, and roar, and mew
Until his promise to uphold their cause,
Calmed all their fears and raised a loud applause.
"Speak boldly out, not like a timid bird
Whose loss is greatest, let him first be heard."

See yon poor starveling, rushing through the crowd,
Who gestures wildly, and exclaims aloud;
A momentary pang the votaries feel,
They fain would hear his violent appeal;
They look a moment, then disgusted turn,
And recognize him, but, to hotly spurn;
Then scornfully they gaze, and raise a shout,
Appeal to Mammon straight to put him out;

"This man who dares to seek thy glorious face
Is, to his calling, but a hot disgrace."

Mammon replies,—"I own, my friends, 'tis true
This man unworthy is to mate with you;
Yet, you have hearts, and should with him condole,
Think what it is to be without a soul.
Forget your wrath, and let the fellow squirm,
Take pity on the little crawling worm;
We'll hear his prattle, he is bound to speak,
His words are earnest, but his voice is weak.
But yet, I cannot speak to this disguise,
Pray some of you, and lend a pair of eyes;
Then shorter ears, too good for him I ween,
A larger nose let there be placed between;
A forehead which more intellectual seems,
Perelli with your music drown his screams;
Thy handkerchief, Jerome, lord of the sports,
May silence all his dreadful nasal snorts;
A pair of stouter legs would better please,
To stop that horrid twitching of his knees;
Come Agnew, with some potent drug erase
The blotches rich, from his blood brownèd face.
When newly made, his greasy clothes away,
And in a clean shirt soon his form array;

Rockhill! thy duty 'tis to o'er him scan,
See what is needed more, to make a man.

The dressing corps advance, and lay him bare,
He's naked as when first he blasted air;
Fresh odors from his exposed body rise,
The stench too great for one so small in size;
They dip him quickly in a boiling tub,
And let him soak, before they dare to rub.
By help of soda, towels, brushes vast,
Their labor's ended, he is clean at last;
Horace a moment, lends his forehead high,
While Israel lends his nose with many a sigh;
Their little ears the many would display,
All that commandment hasten to obey;
A noted dealer in unstamped kegs,
Provides the eyes, while Taylor lends him legs;
And after he is dressed, this mongrel man,
Made up of parts, is led forth to the van;
But borrowed grace, God's writ it in his phiz,
Could never make him else than what he is.

"Oh King!" he cried. "Oh, I was robbed by stealth,
Oh, pray restore my honest, hard earned wealth;

In thy good service, gray these hairs have turned,
For thee with shame these cheeks have often burned.
I own that I've been prominently mean,
But then imposters fain would take me in;
The tyrant o'er my money haunts I played,
But all my clerks were cheats and poorly paid;
To churches I would willingly give much,
But that I fear the clergy's grasping clutch;
I grateful was for all the favors done,
If but a larger favor could be won;
Per cent. I name not, 'tis our calling's due,
For that no harm can I expect from you.
Great Mammon, hear me," but his forehead fell,
The blotches budded, and his ears did swell,
His eyes assumed their former cat-like look,
He snorted, spat, and in his knees he shook,
And exhalations from his body rose,
He damaged that he might but keep the clothes.

Now from the scene did Mammon turn aside,
And to the trembling aspirant thus replied:
"Oh, thing! oh! what thou wilt: no longer taint
My court with thy foul presence, or I faint,
This bag! quick take it! Yonder is the door,
Begone, and let me see thy face no more."

Thus warned, he clutched the coin, as threats were rife,
Glad that he saved his miserable life;
Away he sped, nor Mammon thanked, for he
Was since his birth too mean for courtesy.
He left a flavor of old clothes and rank,
Which all agreed could only come from Frank.

Behold that needful crew in seedy coats,
Buttoned well up against their clam'rous throats;
Loudly some grievance urging they bemoan,
Tears in their eyes, and anguish in their tone;
One spectacled, and ponderous with fat,
Blubbers and splutters like a boiling vat;
One, gaunt and tall, and hollow-eyed and black,
Pipes a sharp note as though upon the rack;
While others to the medium sized belong,
Their mouths and ears as various as their song;

Now forth steps one with red and swollen face,
And thus he speaks: "Your holiness or grace
We are unfortunate. No more the plays
Excite our ire, or command our praise;
No more the festive suppers bless our frames,
No more the picnics, or the base ball games;

No more we seek the gushing watering place,
Where we can run our high and potent face;
No more the railroads list our plaintive cry,
Unless you help us, we must quickly die;
Great Mammon! to thy power we appeal,
To dry our tears and all our sorrows heal,
For all the institutions named above,
Have closed, or shut down on our mighty love;
We languish for the passes once again,
Oh haste! good Mammon, and the work begin."
"Oh, ay!" said Mammon, "you are some of those
Who into every pleasure thrust their nose;
Who bask in kindness' most indulgent ray,
While nobler patrons the expenses pay;
Known to the world, where e'er your freedom spreads
As ever present, pious, 'defunct heads.'
You may be useful to me one day hence,
So I'll relieve your present abstinence.
Go! Get you in! and on my larder feed,
Drink to your fill, and take whate'er you need."
First with a shuffle, then a lofty bound,
The festive board they soon are spread around.

Lo! who are those assailing Mammon's ears,
With hands on hearts, whose eyes are oozing tears,

Who loudly for the different systems speak,
And swear his welfare they but kindly seek?
The words "endowment," "dividends," are blent,
With "policy," "half note," and "big per cent."
They toil, and scramble—he their talk endured
Till fifty Comp'nies have his life insured.
At last they leave him half deprived of wit
Each flourishing an application writ;
He turns relieved, the act his sense restores,
He damns them for insufferable bores.
Why will no Kirkbride from his cells arise
To prison those who cramp our liberties?
Oh Heaven! free our weary trusting souls,
From such affection for our buttonholes.

See what a crowd the throne has now beset,
A hungry mob who shriek a wild regret;
Some, empty bottles flourish in the air;
Some, into pill-less boxes sadly stare;
Some tear the portrait from the labels new,
While others filch the stamp of revenue;
"Speak out, what ails you?" Mammon curtly cries,
And thus the bearded leader soon replies.
"Oh, king, we're helpless, gone is all our wealth,
The people suddenly are struck with health;

No more the patients clamor for our pills,
The universal offset to their ills;
No more the lame, the palsied, and the blind,
The virtues of our Pine Tree Cordial find;
Expectorants do still remain in store,
And only used by the dramatic corp;
The chills and fever now despise the earth;
Of lung disorders there is complete dearth;
The livers will in spite of all our care,
Perform their functions with a conscience rare,
White swellings no more satisfy our gaze;
No corns or dropsies will our fortunes raise;
That devil, Reason, in the world doth lurk,
Teaching the value of a little work;
That air and exercise are better far,
Than potions of wild cherry bark, or tar;
That cleanliness or friction strength imparts,
To those who wish long life and healthy hearts.
So thou all potent majesty renew
Our lease upon the Christian, Turk and Jew;
Again our coffers reap the golden crops,
Provide us patients, we will find the 'drops.'
Then will we bless thee, and in token take
A box of ointment and a magic cake."

Mammon replies. "Thanks many for your stuff,
But truth to say, 'I've had and heard enough;
Begone, nor longer fill the world with trash,
To rob my subjects of their hard earned cash;
Scorpions and fires blaze your path along,
Drink your own drugs and do each other wrong;
Remorseless quacks! hence to your filthy den
And leave the world to honest, abler men.
To Smith's, to Agnew's, Stillé's modest gains,
Whose genius palliates a thousand pains."

They crept away with sullen abject pace,
While Mammon hurls the ointment in their face.

But he, exemplar of a deadly crime,
That breathes the poison of domestic slime,
Stands forth exulting in his wretched game,
And slanders still regardless of his shame;
Who casts dishonor on a friendly head,
By creeping from his table to his bed;
Who still writes on, commanding our surprise,
And from his soul mechanically lies;
On sepulchres where sleep the helpless dead,
Is felt his soft and pliant cat-like tread;

No sanctity in him can Death inspire,
For on a headstone he will spit his ire.
Loth to renounce his customary groans
When men are dead, he slanders still their bones;
Be then his path to fame through alleys dark,
Through stenchful lanes where filthy curs do bark,
Through courts, where vap'ry poisons darkly seethe,
Where none but reptiles burrowing dare breathe,
There let shrunk Hemlock his foul head enwreath.

Mammon beholds the mean abortion stand,
And to an officer he waves his hand.
"Convey his person to the narrow cell;
To buried living, add the pangs of hell.
The torture of his hundred victims turn
Into his veins, and all his senses burn;
Around his naked frame companions be,
The crawling lizards for eternity.
No monument, no weeping verses make,
But coil upon his grave a rattlesnake;
That men may see how Francis lives in death,
To quake the gravestones with his serpent breath."

But who are those so quiet in their mien,
Who calmly view the uncongenial scene;

In solemn black each form is well arrayed;
Each hand is gloved, each vest a badge displayed.
A snowy sash across each valiant breast
Proclaims an order now supremely blest,
While implements are pendant glowingly,
Of goodly work, the emblem and the key.
When Mammon saw their jewels blazing bright,
His eye enkindled at the well known sight,
Saluting with a graceful wave of hand,
He begs to listen to their high command.

"Most potent sovereign. Grand Commander hail!
We come not mere misfortunes to bewail,
Nor of ourselves to speak do we intend,
Nor ask that private fortunes you shall mend.
But truth it is, our funds are very low,
And suffering brothers from our portals go
Unhelped and hungry. We have given all,
All, save our jewels and our needful Hall.
Fell Poverty hath so curtailed our dues,
That starving widows we must e'en refuse;
Oh! let our charities forever live,
We only ask that we may freely give.
The times such havoc in our ranks hath made,
Of final failure we are sore afraid;

The Ancient Arch seems falling to decay,
Renew the Keystone ere it drops away."
Now tears suffuse great Mammon's yearning eyes,
And with a choking utterance he replies.
"Brothers illustrious! This is sad, indeed;
My private vaults shall furnish all you need;
Our order framed by Solomon's command,
Must like a lighthouse to the erring stand;
Still Faith and Hope and Charity combined,
Must guide the senses and instruct the mind;
Corn, wine and oil, the feverish pang assuage,
Relieve the hungry and give strength to age.
The working tools must never rust nor tire,
Alike respected by the youth and sire.
The ark and anchor with the All-seeing eye,
Our hopes restore, and all our virtues try.
Henceforth our landmarks must control the age,
And every nation in our cause engage;
Our principles like stars forever bright,
Shall re-illume the world's remotest night,
Till every people living we shall see
In one great brotherhood of Masonry.
For this my coffers ever open stand,
And subject to your absolute command.

Have what you will, my Treasurers attend,
And all your wishes in obeyance end."
With joyful hearts they bowed a kind adieu,
And signalling their thanks they straight withdrew.

The expansive bosom of a golden West
Received the am'rous sun with kindling zest.
Mammon now rises and attention seeks,
And earnestly, yet calmly, thus he speaks.
"Friends, votaries, and subjects, we are met
To counsel on the ills which now beset;
Shall we give up and yield like senseless clay,
Or strike again for power? Now the day
Is fast declining, ere the moon doth rise,
We must decide our future destinies."

A host of speakers here advice essayed,
Who but the final action still delayed;
Some clamored loudly for a heap of gold,
Some counselled prudence, some despair made cold;
Till Mammon saw a "Trotter" rear his head,
To breed confusion, so he rose and said:
"Brothers and friends! Contention will unedge
Our chiefest aim. To you my word I pledge

That all the means are yours which I possess,
Say shall it be?" A million shouted—Yes!
Forthwith his presses furnished speedily
The promises to pay. In frantic glee
Some clutched the papers and a due bill gave,
Seized on their hats, and left the courtly pave.
Others more decent, both in word and deed,
Expecting some collateral to need,
On Mammon urged in sentence neat and trim,
Conveyance of their property to him.
Rising, he said, as he their hands did shake,
"Nothing from you but honest words I'll take."

Now one by one they take their gracious leaves,
While Mammon kindly benediction weaves
For those who claim his most deserving smile,
With hearts of virtue, ignorant of guile.

Now night creeps on, and Mammon is alone,
He views the stars set in each brilliant zone;
He sees his banner to the Heavens unfurled,
And knows his promises rejuvenate the World.

PART FOURTH.

A decade passed in prosperity—Promises due—The rush to Mammon's court—The various themes discussed—Financial theorist—Day-dreaming youths—Anaconda mortals—A great impostor exposed—The doings of the crowd—Express differences—The fate of the murderer—Gray hairs and unpleasant memories—A complaint—Dull payments and sharp practice—The demand of luxury—Mammon's reproach—The invitation—The feast—The dining hall—Exhiliration of Mammon's votaries—Gormandizers and maudlin sentiments—Drunk—An oracle—Solitary wine—A disturbance—A roar—What is't?—Home sickness of the votaries—The fastened doors—A swarming world appears—Citizens must be soldiers—Mammon's demand of the crowd outside—The response—The poor of the world—Mammon's reasons—They insinuate—His challenge—Their indifference—Mammon's defiance—The swung hammer and Mammon's fall—The palace assailed and its thousand doors burst open—The cowardice of Mammon's host who are soon mastered—The surprise and curiosity of the workmen—Their mad desires—Rich for once—They attack the plenteously provided tables—Carousal feats and muddled brains—Mammon only stunned—His vigilance—Releases himself and his votaries—The drunken multitude overcome—Mammon's victory—Why he still rules—America—Our eagle—Our great names—Money not the main object—Genius in obscurity—Incipient heroes—High resolves—Conclusion.

Five summers now had yielded golden fruits
When through the sky a flaming notice shoots,
Propelled by lightning from a gem clad hand
Which rules in splendor all the prosperous land.
Men kindle at the long expected sight;
Few glow with rapture, many pale with fright.
The righteous use, the charitable end,
Too many shunned, too few the claim pretend;
With shame or pride all seek the famed resort,
To hear their sentence spoke from Mammon's court.

Mammon beheld the strange unsettled crowd,
The stifly purse long, and the bankrupt, bowed;
His word has passed, and all the surging crew,
Must payment make, for all their notes are due.
The passions, in a hundred forms arrayed,
The various natures of the mass displayed.
In spite of majesty's most brilliant ray,
Not few a sad desire for trade betray,
Ungrateful grow, and careless shout, and sing,
Ignore their friend, their creditor, and king.

Behold the various themes. There enterprise
With cooling draughts the heated crowd supplies.

Cold avarice bears the deep indented frown,
And skill appears o'erridden by a clown.
Poor justice pales to see the mean disgrace,
A ruffian mounted in her favorite place;
Credulity is taken by surprise,
And verdant wonder luminates his eyes.
The sinecure who feeds at public troughs
At diligence and energy still scoffs;
Invention cowers near a bullirag,
Whose pugilism never seems to flag;
Carnality all cancerous and bold
Still arrogant corrodes the heart for gold;
Ambition courses madly after those,
Who fain would step into Rothschildian hose;
Benevolence a slender choir drew,
And shrinks untainted modestly from view;
Chicanery rears high its brazen front,
With impudence, and lies, writ full upon't;
The case worm, Vice, o'erlarded with the spoils
Of Virtue's fame, now boasts of all its toils;
Cajolery, embracing caitiff lust,
Now leaps on high, now grovels in the dust;
The sophist's jabber and the juror's brag,
Still stuffs the throat of Reason with a rag;

Black artifice to many dodges driven,
Holds as a right a privilege given;
While idleness ignores the growth of Time,
And without wincing keeps a borrowed dime,
Conceit luxuriant in a prosperous gait,
Struts its full heighth, while learning, genius wait;
Here politicians disappointment show,
And make their private griefs the nation's woe;
The beggar sees an empty purse and knows
A full one's slumbering in the dirty hose;
There corporations dance, and drink, and shout,
Corruption eats their living entrails out;
While guilt unmasks, and crime uprears its head,
And kills with malice or appals with dread;
And still the stately atheistic hells
Lift their great roofs, uproarious with the yells
Of gasping bigots, dying infidels.

Financial theorists, who spread to sight,
Their sparrow wings to ape the eagle's flight,
Soon flutter down to some great feast of cheer,
And speak in ecstacies of all they hear;
Applaud the shares that generous dollars fling,
And write responsive to a certain ring.

Day dreaming youths who by a tape are led,
Whose genius lives but in a gingerbread,
Who toy with bracelets, as a Dutchman beer,
And wear a scent box for some fainting dear;
Now amble sweetly after girlish joys—
Did Nature fail when she designed them boys?
Genius is privileged to play the fool
Where none but dunces teach the rising school.
Hail! scion of the imps, by idiots nursed,
For Folly now is cursed by what it cursed.

Relentless mortals still their trade pursue,
They get their own, though others nothing do;
And like a leech encancered all about
Which poisons all the blood it sucks not out;
They grab the vitals of an honest trade,
And all the limbs make paralyzed or dead.
These thirsty traitors poison every one,
No promise quenches their destructive tone;
They hew and maim with all a warrior's skill,
As if the times had made it fashionable;
Beware their threat that's uttered with a smile,
'Twill take your heart out in the latest style;
Yon wheedling curs, the honeyed murders pour
And still their odor clings to Thirty-four.

Mammon beheld with chilling eye of scorn,
A shivering creature beggarly forlorn,
Who rolls his timid ever moistening eyes,
From Heaven to Earth, from Earth up to the skies.
Attenuation sits upon his bones
Like scarecrow robes upon the broomstick thrones.
Thus Mammon said, "By all that's good and just,
Come good Sir Morton tell us of your trust."

Poor Peto trembled, pulled a pass-book out,
A mass of figures ranged his eye about,
He fumbled, gazed, yet no conclusion drew,
No satisfaction broke upon his view;
Heaving a sigh from memories accurst,
He stammered, tottered, into tears he burst.

"Is this," cried Mammon, "but the meagre end
Of all those millions I vouchsafed to lend;
No good accomplished, or no fund retained,
Each work condemned, and every record stained.
The imbecility I might applaud,
But to the weakness you have added fraud.
'Tis well, indeed, that justice now defends
The great defaulter, while it meanly sends

The starving workman to the prison cell,
Who steals a loaf, to ease the pangs of hell.
Go; get you gone; and ever poor remain,
Not fit for riches, he who gets by stain."

Meanwhile a scene of various hues imparts,
A curious feeling to inquiring hearts;
One buys his neighbor's paper at a shave,
One a bad jack-knife for a good one gave;
While country dealers feeling smart and big,
Indulging in a little thimblerig,
Rise from the table with a muttered curse,
A lengthened visage, and shortened purse.
Our Hugh McC—, God bless his precious bones!
Still "specie payments" ever dismal moans.
From poverty a brave soul mounts the skies,
Contemned by those who love his melodies;
Shorn planters curse and frame the hidden still,
Or reft of bondaged wealth, now run a mill.
The heroes of the bawd successful run,
Still pimp for lucre, and still love for fun.
With tact and prudence Dickens piles his wealth,
While nimble fingers lift a purse by stealth.

One steals the garments of a loyal priest,
And swears he lives beneath a patriot vest.
An alderman, as impotent as mean,
Flings his dog eyes upon some sickly scene,
He bottles up his rage, as bottler's beer,
To burst with vigor when the vent is clear,
And like a toothless cur, who aims to fright,
He can but bark because he cannot bite.
Some trembling lamb whose frightened speech does fail
He howls is "guilty," and he sends to jail.
So demagogues and empirics now rule,
While many listen to a spouting fool.

Near to the star political we see,
The red-nosed lacquey with the oily knee,
Who curries for the spoils of little jobs,
And with insulting hand relentless robs.
These pettifogging worms are viler far
Than the worst knave confined by prison bar.
Such things as these do strengthen monarchy,
For subjects rather have a king than they.
Those same star justices must meet no slight
Who say, "if right pays best, we're all for right,
But if the extra dollars come along,
We are ourselves, and pander to the wrong."

What pity 'tis that justice is made blind,
For prisoners, plaintiffs, judges, are a kind.

Let not self christened and green poets 'scape,
The kindness which we feel their verse to drape,
In sixteen thousand stanza they exhaust,
A single thought—we know it to our cost.
Five hundred cantos to describe a moon,
As many more to show a love sick loon.
Abject and empty, they implore, complain,
And mount the higher in more wretched strain.
With dogged aim, true passion they destroy;
Blind to the regal gem they clutch the toy.
Plagues, glare, false pathos, love in worn out stages,
Ghost, bluelight, and bad rhyme, make up their pages.
This mass of stuff their boasts poor recompense,
Is thrust upon us at their own expense—
For heaven knows a publisher's true taste,
Would save the scandal and the paper's waste.
Oh, that another Burns to us were given,
Who by a touch unearths and lifts to Heaven.
But how far better are these shallow lights,
Than he who deeply steeped in venom writes;
Who on a blister Cayenne would apply,
Draw what but now was pain, to agony;

Before whose pen stroke stab, fine sense retreats,
Such blighted Conway killed a noble Keats.

Who knows if yonder upper circle's blest,
In having swells who boast they are well dressed;
We scarce can say were we to take the pains,
Which were the worst to lack fine clothes or brains;
He sees the belle on the lookout for chances,
Who sings, plays, smiles, and fishes while she dances;
Who somehow makes a lover think she's sweet,
Until he feels the hook, nor tastes the meat.
'Tis then they own their folly,—both are sold,
For he is silly, she is poor and old.

Above the souls of cormorants who rule,
In corporations of the Adams school;
Where employees are rudely thrust aside,
No right regarded, or no want supplied,
If sick or torn by the destructive freight
A quick discharge is their unlucky fate—
See rise those men the honored sons of toil,
Whom present plenty cannot taint nor spoil,
Who see in labor manhood's chief delight,
Reward their servants on the score of right;

Retaining still their manliness and pride,
Though tempted by example's strenuous tide;
Thus Oakman lives, loved, honored, still the same,
So Vollum rides triumphantly to fame.

Lo! the foul butcher with a bloodshot eye,
Shuffles along, nor heeds the angry cry
Which follows as his miserable face
Is seen among the doomed ones of the place.
Mammon indignant did his lightnings shoot
And thus addressed the ague stricken brute.
"For what damned uses were your senses given,
Which, for a pittance were to murder driven.
What dread enjoyment flashed from out your eyes,
Who on the nature of a wolf relies?
What blood Winnemore did your heart enbloat,
While bending o'er poor old Magilton's throat?
Did not your muscles quivering decide
Her age should turn the brutal knife aside?
The axe you raised, red horror even dims,
Your demon heart was stronger than your limbs.
Could not your malehood those desires perplex,
That for two dollars did outrage a sex;
Your plea in court was fickle, base, untrue,
The crazed might use one weapon, never two;

Henceforth let murderers consider well,
If their defence in reason's tenable;
Nor ask the judge to honor a request,
That vomits death into a household blest.

"Take hence the scorpion to the room of death,
Make hissing serpents dally with his breath,
For seven days let him ne'er taste of food,
For seven days feed him on tigers blood,
Remove his eyes that he sees not the fate,
That such as he should lingeringly wait.
Then to the cage, nor heed his shriek of fright,
To sate the leopard's angry appetite."

There Mercer doles his dollars out with care,
And tries the various unguents for the hair.
To he, whose pride is in his flowing curls,
Whose gloss is valued as the tint of pearls,
How many mental horrors, gray hairs bring,
How many sighs they from the bosom wring.
The toothless gum speaks ever of decay,
The setting sun proclaims the end of day,
The crumbling wall that once in beauty stood,
The shrinking isle that once defied the flood,

The sapless tree that cracks at each keen wind,
Leave a sad tale of weariness behind.
The varied patches on the fisher's cot,
Conveys the thrift that crowns his toilsome lot;
The withered leaf that gravely floats to earth,
Has robbed the greenness from some humble hearth.
Tread where we will we see the naked truth,
Flaunted by age, and now by heedless youth.
The dust e'en speaks of ended destinies
Which every wind will blow into our eyes.
Nature produces from the pregnant clay,
And back to matter must all things decay.

Here Johnson's dullness sinks below our sight,
For once his organs choose a theme, that's Bright;
And though his brains, the same as ever reel,
His kidneys fresh activities reveal.

Now comes a crowd of street contractors red,
With a great thought that thrills each bushy head.
They offer payment, as the steps they mount,
For being prompt they ask a huge discount,
Forgetting still that interest accrues
If not a premium, for the generous dues.

Mammon receives their moneys with a sneer
And bids them off. A bow-backed mass draws near
Full of design too hazardous and rash,
They ask a charge, for, keeping sundry cash.
Mammon thrice views each shrunken visage o'er,
Then sends them sprawling out the nearest door.
A long procession follows. Some excuse
The errors of the past, and prate the views,
They contemplate; some the interest pay,
And beg the loan be paid some future day;
While others flatly, moaningly outrave,
And whine excuses that they nothing have.
And some still proudly promises recall,
In paying interest, premium, and all.

One fat with luxury's untrammeled lust,
Aside some score of poor delinquents thrust,
And thus to Mammon spoke. "We cannot see
Why some should pay, while some are given free;
Some urgent action on the failing band,
By way of punishment we do demand."

The king, as if to check the upstart pride,
Reproachful gazed and solemnly replied.

"Because a few twigs withering we see,
Should we destroy or e'en condemn the tree?
Although one plank is eaten by the worms,
The ship still proudly may defy the storms.
We might as well curse Heaven's gentle sway,
Because the rain had spoiled our holiday;
Or wish old ocean dried, in wild despair,
Haply because a friend lies buried there.
Perhaps the terrors from a world of woe
Are gathered in the winds. Now moanings low
Are heard. Now shrieks along the eaves
Each frightful cadence some new horror leaves.
Now cleft by quick electric shocks alone
It cracks and thunders like a bursting zone.
Anon, the storm is over, and one sees
The flowers look pleasure to the passing breeze;
The sun now peeps from out a silvery shroud,
The voice of gladness soon is heard aloud.
Nature beams forth and laughingly does nod.
At all the teachings of the tempest God.
Just like ourselves, when trouble comes to mar
The tomb-cloud first we see, and then the star.
So, let your little griefs and angers end,
For greater passions greater spirits attend.

To various natures we must give assent,
With all their changeful vagaries content."

The morn passed by in settling the affairs
Which some prepared for, some, took unawares.

"Ye votaries of the golden God attend,
The vital orders of his chiefest friend;
The rules of hospitality at least
Ordain, that you do grace our annual feast.
Rich, great, poor, broken, all, the low, and high,
Must quaff a bumper to his majesty
Within, at once." Here Mammon led the throng,
Who broke into a baccanalian song.

Ten thousand tables with the dainties rare
Of summer climes, that perfumed all the air,
Were loaded down. Delicious morsels lay
In choice profusion. The liberal day
Was not more rosy with abundant beams,
Than when the epicurean monarch seems
In one wild moment, to excel in feats
That flood the mass with appetizing sweets,
And ever changing lists of tasteful meats.

Some who but late were weltering in their shame,
Call from their souls the ever blushing flame
Of impudence. There, see Sir Morton rise
Above the set, who trebly gormandize.
They take his mimicry for great commands,
While Francis madly claps his reddened hand.
He talks of railroads, and anon of cheese,
Now taps his forehead, now he slaps his knees.
Relates to all, in confidential tone,
That when he travelled in Columbia's zone,
Strange beings followed him, nor could he tell,
If from below, or from the sky they fell.
How Belmont flattered, and bowed down his nose,
How merchants toadied at Delmonico's.
He tells of Bonner, Cyrus, and the rest,
The table roars to hear the noble's jest.

Another set an oracle delights,
The champion of rich wines and lustful nights,
He loud declaims in thick enmuffled tones,
While future gouts are rankling in his bones.
He blurts his habits to the heavy browed,
And all his follies trumpets to the crowd;
How in a by-street he will gorging dine,
And hid by screens drink solitary wine.

The banker sinks besotted in his chair,
While hands applaud, and eyes do bloating stare.

While pleasure lightly touched each glowing mind,
And man to man grew marvellously kind,
While fragmentary scraps of maudlin song,
With noble strains enwafted Time along,
While windy spouters, fumed, and stammered loud,
And drunken cheers broke from the silly crowd,
A long, loud roar of fierce despair is heard.
Mammon turns pale, and every bosom stirred
With a gigantic dread. It strikes the ground,
Like to an earthquake's rending, tearing sound.
What is't? and every pallid cheek more white
Grows as each frame so fearful pants with fright,
While the knees cower with a weakening sense,
Whose marrow creeps to dull incompetence.
What is't? And the expanded pupils stare
With horror on the phantasms of the air
Conjured by fear. And like the foul blood taint
On snowy vestments of a lovely saint,
The red eyes stand within the ghastly face,
Fixed to the thought that terrifies the place.

Another roar—the Heaven's seem to part,
And pour their thunders on each dormant heart;
A million trumpets seem to blast a death,
And every mortal catches for his breath.
"What ho," cries Mammon, rearing high his head,
"Go some and find the cause of all this dread."

A sudden cry to leave the wretched spot,
Starts from the multitude's awakening throat,
The coin decked nobles bawl a frightful strain,
And caper madly that they cry in vain.
A sense of safety with the action comes,
And dribbling drawlers fain would reach their homes,
A rush is made to 'scape the fearful blast,
What horror's this. Lo! every door is fast.

Now comes a swarming world upon the scene,
They mount the walls, and cluster o'er the green;
Good sturdy men with dreadful hammers armed,
Which ne'er had struck for vice, nor virtue harmed.
Athletic frames that told of strength and grace,
Reflecting sunlight from the rugged face.
Here swung aloft by th' experienced hand
A scythe appeared, which oft had swept the land;

While there a broadaxe of the shipwright threw
A glare of power on the brave and true.
Tools hastily prepared, flashed in the sun,
Like bayonets before the battle's won!
Hoarse shouts and dreadful, shook the bending trees,
And threats of vengeance galloped in the breeze.

Mammon the meaning of the uproar learns,
For action all his kindling spirit yearns;
He to his votaries urgently now calls
To follow him to his ancestral halls.
Awakening from the passive sense of fear,
To all his words they lend a willing ear,
Glad that a chance for life there still remains,
Though full perchance of trouble and of pains.
They plunge within and wisely run about,
Encase their forms in armor, then rush out
With many a shriek, and many a lusty shout.

Behold them now encircled by the swarms
That seem intent on some most hideous harms;
That swing on high the implements of war
Proclaiming torments with a vengeful roar.
Mammon commands his trumpeter. A blast
Shakes the whole earth as if it were the last,

Then thus. "Who are ye men? such ye appear!
And what the wish that brings you brawling here?"

Great Kelly here stood forth, and thus replied.
"We come, oh Mammon, we the world's decried
To ask equality. Man's sinews get
The credit for their work well done, and yet
No praises do your minions e'er bestow
On us, the sinews of the world. Come, show
Us why a favored few should reign,
In joys, while millions howl with constant pain.
Why revel you in luxuries and sweets,
While our hard labor each poor joy defeats?"

Mammon responds. "Unknown ye are to me,
What you demand I cannot plainly see.
My labors should not grace another's throne,
These my results should garnish o'er my own.
The trickster wins what he of right should not,
No page of mine is stained with such a blot.
And my domains embrace a circling zone,
The free gift of a people all my own.
Then why your interruption? Get you hence!
And stir your brains up with some little sense."
"Proud relic of an old enervate race,
Not bashfully we look upon your face,

But, boldly, grandly, with an eye of love,
Or fierce if need be, with the glare of Jove.
We come not on foul robbery intent,
To other aims our passions all are bent;
We long for rest, for succor, and for ease,
You hold the horn that all our tastes can please.
'Tis yours to give it from your flowing land,
Or ours, to wrest it from your trembling hand."

Then Mammon almost bursting with the rage,
Whose various fires all his thoughts engage,
Spoke, "Then your theme is theft. Now, by these eyes
Your aims shall suffer direst penalties.
Quick and away: or ere the word is given,
My very thoughts send you to Hell or Heaven.

"Impotent monster! boasting but defies
The awful anger of avenging skies.
Lethargic arts have robbed your blood of might;
Your sun has rolled into an endless night.
Your day has passed into that other world,
Where twilight death has pallid stars unfurled.
Open your coffers; roll ducats, eagles out,
Or by this sturdy arm, that manly shout

A deed shall horrify a groaning earth,
And strike forever dead all forms of mirth.
You Mammon, and your feeble votaries
Are prisoners even at your revelries.

"Prisoners or not, yet first we'll try our steel,
To prove the prowess each now seems to feel:
What's yours is yours, what's ours we will maintain,
We strike for Right, but you for ill got gain.
Friends, be ye soldiers to the fullest bent!
Come on ye prowlers, ere the day be spent!"
The shining weapons of the multitude
Clashed a response without, too fiercely rude.
Hoarse threats enraged, from bellowing lungs upheaved
In volumes vast, the sentiments believed.
One great in limb, his apron old and torn,
His eyes deep set to some fell purpose sworn,
Swung round his head a hammer. With a frown
He loosed his hold. It struck great Mammon down.

At this they straight assailed the yielding doors.
The windows rocked; the tesselated floors
Shook like a tree when by the tempest stirred;
And Mammon's friends had seen, and felt, and heard,
Such terrors, that they fain would have disarmed,
Content to give up all to be not harmed.

A thousand portals opened, and a horde
Of hardy workman indiscriminate poured
Into the halls of wealth, whose energy
Stood cowering, because it could not flee.
Quick to the spot the votaries were tied fast,
The victors gloated on the riches vast.
Mammon the while not dead, still held his breath,
And prudent lay while counterfeiting death;
When to his throne his body soon they bound,
Then wondering viewed the beauties all around.
Some rushed at once the golden vaults to find,
While some for higher game remained behind;
And sought the gems that princely bosoms wore,
One Mammon's signet from his finger tore.
Some, vases of the antique mould surprise
While longings for possession fill their eyes.
The hunter of the curious is blest,
With teeth that in the mouth of Noah did rest.
Still more flocked to the tables, and with might
Enjoyed the carnival of appetite,
Drank of the wine, too deeply for their good,
As first it roused, then deadened all their blood.
And more still came, and more still deeply drank,
Excessive ate, nor once did Mammon thank.

Some bending 'neath a load of ducats stood
And quaffed the wine, and gorged on generous food,
Till yielding to the influence gently played,
A pillow of the bags of coin they made.
See meats and pastry quickly disappear
With fruits and ices, in a world of cheer,
See late the victors in a bloodless fray,
Sink to the floor to dream the meal away.

Now Mammon slips from the degrading thong
And with a knife, he moves his friends among.
The bonds of each are cut, till all are free,
Who join in conference of strategy.
Resolved soon, among their foes they spread,
And two together tie them, hands and head.
Which act regains their gems, their gold restores,
And turns the vanquished workmen out of doors.
'Twas thus a people maddened by the wrongs
That to the score of poverty belongs,
Committed wrong to do themselves a right
And fell a victim to their appetite.
And when victorious o'er the favored race
Made the same errors in the self same place.
So thus it is that Mammon still does reign,
And by the poor encompasses his gain,

Why they remain in slavery to gold,
And pleasures seldom tasted, but behold.

America: We see thy golden clime
Rise proudly with a confidence sublime,
And like a temple reared by loving hand
To mark the progress of one's native land,
Thou standst a landmark of nobility
And all thy glories luminate the sky.
Thy name dost make the swelling heart rejoice,
As the soft echo of a dear one's voice
Floats with an image to the fevered soul,
And smooths the current when the wild waves roll.
The thunders of thy prowess still defy
The vaulted spheres imperial cannonry;
Thy power imaged in Niagara's flood,
Sublime companion of the tempest blood,
Which coursing madly through great Nature's veins
Rocks the mad earth, despising human reins.
So, like a moving wonder dost thou sweep
Resistless onward to the greater deep,
Arise in splendor from the watery main
And shower blessings o'er the world again.
What son of thine but leaps the stream he sees,
Then travels round it for his greater ease.

Did Europe see thee rising from afar
Who cam'st a meteor but remains a star?
Her sons of toil who grovel through the night
Behold thy coming into Freedom's light,
Who shed'st around the kindliest, fullest rays,
And fills an anxious world with mightiest praise.
Who would not see thy eagle fully spread,
Mount the hot winds alone, nor know a dread,
Defy the lightning and the torrent stem,
And claw the angry clouds to master them,
Than see him in majestic tameness sail,
Among the sparrows and the cowering quail.
And so America, we think of thee
The bosom and the sword of liberty.
Thy woods still breathe the notes our father's sung,
When first aloft a righteous blade they swung;
The world's down-trodden millions seek thee out,
And at their tyrants hurl a deathly shout.
They drop their chains with many a biting scoff,
And thank thee Freedom, who didst strike them off.

Thy blood-fed lands a richer crop now yields,
The image broken that disgraced thy fields.
The flaming conflict, lessons did impart
Which warped not, though they purified thy heart.

Ne'er shall our prayers in all thy valleys cease
While hills reverberate the songs of peace.
Still may thy statesmen burn the midnight oil
To elevate thy noble sons of toil;
Still may thy heroes gild our history's page
And gleam like beacons on the growing age;
Thy Poets, tribute to thy shrine still bring,
And of thy virtues eloquently sing;
Thy hunters in pursuit of golden game,
Still reach the dust that amplifies thy name;
Till by possession we united stand,
A glorious people with a perfect land.

Yet, 'tis not money that alone can bless,
And lead a weary soul to happiness,
Mayhap 'twill ease the pangs of mortal pain
When greater comforts are the victims gain;
Perhaps it gives that luxury and ease
Which pleasures first, but leads to quick disease;
Or yet allows the bliss of charity
To mark our era of tranquillity.
But sordid vices oft prolong a theme
Inspired by a monetary dream,
And those who have oft to their ruin run
While still they crave who much more blessed have none.

What genius, does not menial birth obscure,
They fear to rise who must reproach endure.
There is not a street, or court, or hidden lane,
But has a hero for its good or bane,
Whose fame has never reached the starry heights,
Which aspiration seeks in lab'ring flights.
Yonder 'tis he whom a tampering Fate
Endows with mind that well might grace a State.
But gives a ragged coat to shame desire,
Providing fuel but denying fire.
Or yon poor girl, she of the pallid face,
Whom thought that was not Truth's did ne'er abase,
Whose kind intentions Heaven would confirm,
A vicious parent crushes in the germ.
Here 'tis a monster with a hairy arm
And there a poet with the Muses charm,
Who pictured in a helpless, harmless youth,
Still stirs old sores up with a spoon of truth.

Too oft, alas, incipient heroes tread
A stage erected in their mother's head,
The first year, loud the well known praises are,
Because the darling is so wondrous fair.
If in the second year it stoutly cries,
'Tis held up as a wonder for its size.

The third and bonds to Earth it feebly breaks
The sad effect of fondling and of cakes.
'Tis thus in every phase and grade of life
These forms appear and mingle in its strife;
Receive applause, or execrations curse,
As they the good uphold or vice rehearse;
And lie in state, mourned by a weeping crowd,
Or crouch within a box without a shroud.

So let us join a firm and willing hand
To high resolves, and tireless till the land;
View with bright eye, and brain by Reason cleared,
The little house that Industry has reared;
Inhale the sweets by Heaven freely sent,
Indulge the pleasures Wisdom will invent;
Nor wish for cares that millions would prolong,
To pale the blood and end the gushing song.
So be content ye ever yearning poor,
And with an eye of care this truth read o'er,
Where Poverty kills one, Riches kill a score.

THE END.

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